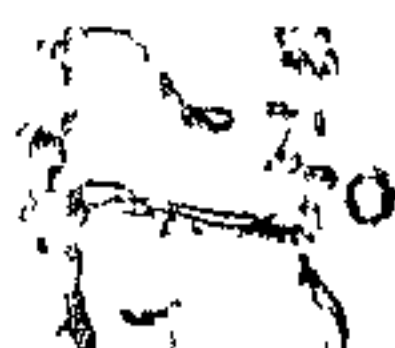


REFLEXIONS

ON

Impeaching and Impeachers:

ADDRESSED



WARREN HASTINGS, Esq;

L O N D O N:

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REFLEXIONS

ON

Impeaching and Preachers.

WHILE Faction sleeps, nor loads our weary'd ears
With labour'd Sophistry, the toil of years;
While Burke awaits the awful consequence,
And dire Impeachments languish in suspense;
In this unruffled hour, permit the Muse,
Who knows not Flatt'ry's interested views,
To hail thee, HASTINGS, with a friendly Lay,
And rouse thy virtues to the grand Essay.

If needful such a task—for who has known
 What thy experience has not made its own?
 Who, though he claim'd the pow'r of all the Nine,
 Can add new firmness to a mind like thine?
 Nurst in the toils of Empire, thou hast seen
 Full oft the havock made by factious spleen,
 Oft hast thou felt thy's ruling hour,
 The cares that hoist'd the seat of pow'r,
 And, not to thee alone, the rival pride
 Of Opposition portend'd the eighty tide.
 All that can shake or embroil a State,
 Or thwart the Chief in action or Debate,
 When Colleagues, pressing for the envy'd chair,
 Burn to engross what they might freely share;
 All that can tend to baffle or betray
 The infant efforts of colonial sway,
 Fixt on th' unfettled Musnud of Bengal,
 Thou singly hast engag'd,—and vanquish'd all.

For what impends, let sacred Truth preside,
 Scan all thy acts and on the sum decide,

The Ruler's failings with his virtues weigh,
 And ev'ry passion lend its just allay ;
 (As not from this or that imperfect scrawl
 We judge the man, but take him *all in all* ;)
 And, valuing ev'ry *brilliant* with its *flaw*,
 From the whole mass a gen'ral Balance draw.

Of Patriots, Gen'als, Ministers of State,
 Some form a short and random te :
 In one department does their shine ;
 Give him but Eloquence,—his shine.
 Judg'd by this rule, his fame, aloud,
 And tickles *purely* the astonish'd ear.
 Thus many a party-chief emerg'd to fame,
 And bore in peace the patriot's sacred name ;
 Thus Burke and Sheridan first learn'd to please,
 And shone quite Stars and Demi-Deities.
 And, sure if Eloquence were all requir'd
 In those who to the Nation's Helm aspir'd,
 If Attic Fire, hereditary Wit,
 Could make the Senator for *Office* fit,

B

Adorn'd

Adorn'd with all the brilliant and sublime,
 No pair like Burke and Sheridan could climb
 To highest Posts, and gain the voice of Fame,
 Were breath of words alone to found a claim.
 But words, alas ! have unsubstantial wings ;
 " A wit's a feather," as the Poet sings.
 'Tis not the Tar, who pipes with merriest glee,
 Best wields the rudder on a stormy sea ;
 Far other parts than the Statesman go,
 Than well wrought or abstract systems shew,
 And flights of F. and reception meet
 In the unclassic and evening-street.

'Tis thus folks think who have been often bit
 By Opposition Eloquence and Wit,
 And who have seen full many a Patriot shine
 Arch-Proteus of the ministerial Line.

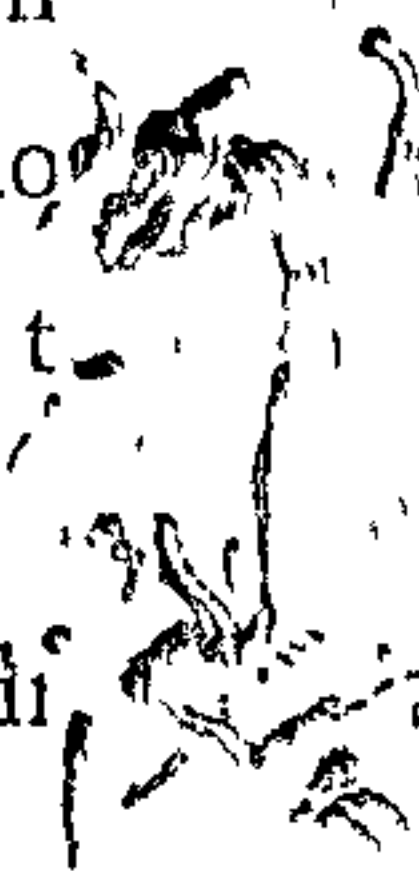
Burke's splendid fallies (some time out of date)
 His lofty flights and thunder of Debate
 Whoever hears must certainly admire ;
 But cautious hearers now-a-days enquire

Does

Docs all this found of well-suspended tongues
 Come from the *heart* or only from the *lungs* ?
 Now when loud Stentor plays the warrior's part,
 And strength of lungs combines with strength of heart,
 We gaze ;—but leave out courage, and to me
 Old Æsop's Afs were just as great as he.
 See Waller, him whose splendid Fancy shone
 In accents soft as Sacharissa's Zone,
 Recant and shake in * Cromwell's iron paw ;
 (A Nightingale beneath a hawk's claw)
 Cromwell ! who ne'er, O Round-head Race,
 Could make three periods with decent pace.
 For not ev'n Tully's cloquence lies
 Or truth of heart or justness of emprise ;
 And he, whose angry perorations drown
 The House's hum and dare the Speaker's frown,
 Who, spite of laughing, sneezing, coughs, and hems,
 Argues, arraigns, impeaches, and condemns ;
 Blest with a tongue distilling Attic honey,
 Round periods, tropes, and—*not a rag of money* ;

* The Author assumes here a poetical Licence, and will therefore be pardoned for not adhering strictly to historical Truth. *

Whose happy Figures charm earth, sea, and sky,
May prove, when *I'm*, as mere a Putt as I.

Not so the man, to whose approved hand
Are giv'n the ensigns of supreme command,
Sent forth to govern, in the distant East,
A Province to an Empire's size increast.
Some parts more solid than the mere display
Of Language fit him to the arduous sway ;
Some ampler and more  Perfal Pow'rs,
With new resource to the dubious hours
Of war and tumult, to the ills that wait
On laws unsettled, in a distant State.

But say, O Muse, for thou canst surely tell,
Were Burke the man to whom th' allotment fell,
On t'other side of this terrestrial ball,
To wield the British sceptre in Bengal,
A wide extended region to control,
Of varying tribes, a disunited whole,
Confin'd by Ganges and the Shore extreme
Of Burrumpooter *; heav'n-descended stream ;

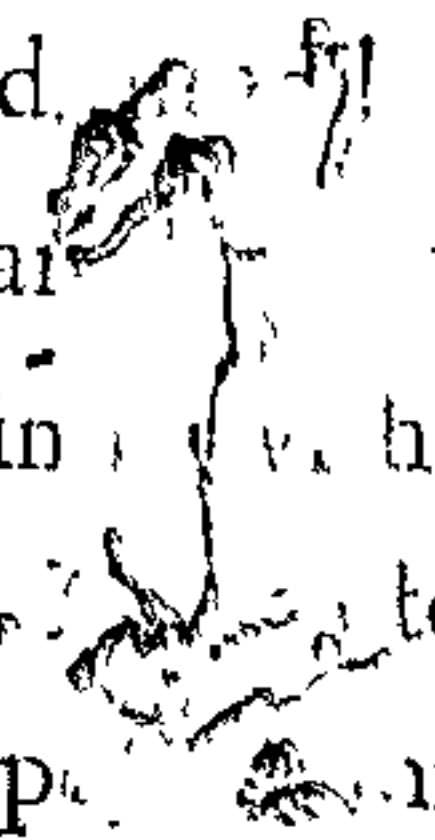


* According to Mr. Rennell, the name of this River is said to be written in the Sanscrit Language *Brahma-pootar*, which signifies the Son of *Brahma*. See Memoir of a Map of Indostan.

Say,

1 2 3
Say, were he fixt upon the awful feat
Whence Britain views Indostan at her feet,
His floods of Eloquence all vainly pour'd,
And cross'd himself and thwarted by *the Board*,
New Wars, new Int'rests rising, Say, O Muse,
How would he fadge amongst those sly Gentoos?
Alas! poor Edmund! that disastrous hour
When thou should'st grasp at Oriental pow'r,
Yok'd in with mates, perhaps, of stubborn mould,
Too shy t' advise, too strong t' control'd,
Not gifted with the ready tear t' soothe thee—
Nor perfect milkops of human woe
That hour, the last poor remnant of thy fame,
Were blotch'd for aye with obloquy and shame.
For, trust me, when some folks are set to ride,
Sad *Gilpinish* mishaps, perforce, betide
The luckless Nimrod, and strange freaks attend
State Beggars *, when their Hobbies they ascend.
Were Burke in India mounted once aright,
No vulgar feats would mark the wond'rous wight.

* See the old Adage, *Set a Beggar on horseback, &c.*

'Pay-Office Blunders were but Children's play
 To what his new Nabobship would display.
 A copious tale his *Slaves* would have to tell
 Of acts—and frolicks most delectable ;
 A tale for infant *Rajas* and their grannies,
 And chat for brown *Begums* and *Maharannies* ;
 'Till the last act, when all would have their fill
 And hiss him home—along with Fox's Bill.

Therefore, O Ed.  make my counsel thine,
 And pow'r, that dar' weapon, oh ! resign.
 It suits not, Edmund, thy giddy brain :
 Oh ! never be ev'n  ter again.
 Form'd, like the Ap.  mimic, not to act,
 Retain thy chatter, whilst thou'rt firmly back'd.
 If Fortune ever turns at all, at all,
 And Fox comes in,—who knows ?—the sky may fall ;
 Be wise, my friend, and let thy choice mature,
 Pitch on some snug and quiet sinecure,
 Where thou may'st buzz without the pow'r to sting,
 And scribble ev'ry day some *choice good thing*.
 Thy Eloquence will keep thee from the shelf ;
 But never dream of bearing rule thyself.

Be thou content to hang on those that rule,
 A canting, blubb'ring, hypocritic tool.
 And when Fox, thumping, knocks the Question down,
 And darkens day with his Olympian frown,
 Be thine, meek soul, like Baby in the Play,
 As he commands, to snivel and * cry aye.

The fate of sublunary things how strange !
 And Patriots, ah ! how liable to change !
 Who but would wonder, on the future day,
 To see Burke sit with Hastings in the play ?
 Or Sheridan, the doughtiest of his foes,
 In Hastings' ear hide † halloo powder'd nose ?
 Yet things as strange, we see, have come to pass :
 Hastings is now no more than Guildford was,
 The saddest, vilest, wickedest of men,
 And may no doubt, like him, come round again.
 Purg'd of his sins, he may, like him, be thought
 A very faint, a Statesman without spot ;
 May wear his head undamag'd and *ascend*
 To be at last Burke's honourable friend.

* It stinted and said Aye.—Nurse. ? Romeo and Juliet.

† Swift.

Hence

Hence when we hear some uninformed clown
 Demand, for instance, of his friend in town,
 Did Fox hate North when, years succeeding years,
 With keen invective he regal'd his ears?
 The answer's plain; "We're grown a milder age,
 "And *measures* now not *men* provoke our rage."
 Thus when America was fairly lost,
 And millions squander'd at the nation's cost,
 Though Fox and Burke oft rear'd the headsmen's steel
 To chop his head off and say *the De'il*,
 Lord North (the *measure* ; done away)
 Came forth immaculate as clear as day;
 Quite purg'd from blemish in the spotless dress
 Of Innocence—and fit to coalesce.
 His contact once * infectious and impure
 Had virtue in it now to heal and cure;
 And even Charley, who had suffer'd much
 By the *King's-evil*, tried his balmy touch.
 Now, like a Serpent that has cast his slough,
 Titled afresh he makes his Levee bow,

* See the Speech of an Honourable Member of the House of Commons, who declared that he would not trust himself in the same room with Lord North.

And,

And, surfeited with *honourable* gains,
Wears the Most Noble Garter for his pains.

'Tis thus with Hastings; when impeaching ends,
End as it will, may Burke and he be friends.
Nought that affects the *man* will stop the way,
And, please to mark, the *measure's* done away.
—In short, who now is such a mulish tyke,
So starcht in point of liking or dislike,
As not t' explain, relax, or vary
When Patriots veer and Factions tide runs dry?
We are not made of marble—Heav'n forbid!
And Fox himself likes Pitt, *indum quid.*

Excuse, O Hastings, that in fiction's style
I have bely'd thy principles awhile,
And painted thee a friend to Fox and Burke,
Conscious thy heart disdains their dirty work;
Convinc'd that thou wilt ne'er (in league with them)
Oppose by rule and by the lump condemn;
Seek ev'ry quirk, evasion, trick, and flaw,
To make right wrong, and foul the source of Law,

D

And

And fir'd with Passions of ignoble hue
 Make Reason pander to the odious crew.
 Heavens! shall man's noblest faculty descend
 Dishonour'd and to scoundrel passions bend?
 His deathless portion of th' eternal mind
 Slave for affections of gross earthly kind?
 For Envy prowl, to mean Ambition kneel,
 Stab for Revenge, for fordid Av'rice steal?
 What though the Minister, whose'er he be,
 Ev'n slander owns from modern vices free;
 Though with strict honour arm'd and virtuous pride,
 He studies life but on the better side,
 And therefore knows not, when the Aces flinch,
 The *Privilege* to swindle at a pinch;
 What though, in act a sinking state to aid,
 And heal those wounds which blund'ring Quacks have
 made,
 His honest Zeal to save the Patient's life
 Home to the ulcer sends his faithful knife,
 Yet t'other side the gen'ral censure throws,
 And, right or wrong, Fox *rises to oppose*.

Why, so he should, the half-taught mob will cry,
 Statesmen *must* be oppos'd;—because as why.
 Hence Fox, without one principle to boast
 But what in Coalition Gulf was lost,
 (When his frail Bark of Popularity
 Sail'd too far NORTH and founder'd out at sea)
 Damn'd to the shame of undeserv'd support,
 Sees bubbled Pr—s croud to form his court.
 Hence Opposition, grown a modish Dame,
 Stamp'd with Respect by many a noble name,
 Has even sail'd to India's burning coast,
 And Francis leads her on,—himself an host.

O mighty Francis! how shall I proclaim
 Thy great deservings at the hands of fame?
 Thou who for years didst make so stout a coil
 To baffle Hastings in his arduous toil;
 Thou who didst call him to the field of fight
 With point and edge to do thy reasons right;
 O mighty Francis, with what new-form'd verse
 Shall I the splendor of thy deeds rehearse?

Thy great revenge had stomach to devour
 Poor Hastings at a snap;—but lack'd the pow'r.
 Forearm'd and sharpen'd in the legal strife
 With ev'ry passion hostile to his life,
 Couldst thou, O Francis, partial at the best,
 Sit the accuser of thy Foe profess?
 Come then with knife and scales, exact thy due,
 Come on, thou Shylock of th' impeaching crew.
 —Let this one action more, through ev'ry clime,
 Ensure thy infamy to endless time.
 Hastings, (no tim'rous, temporizing Hind,)
 Unveil'd the shuffling liar to Mankind;
 But thou, a willing Candidate for Shame,
 Hast stamp'd ASSASSIN on the hateful Name.

F I N I S.

